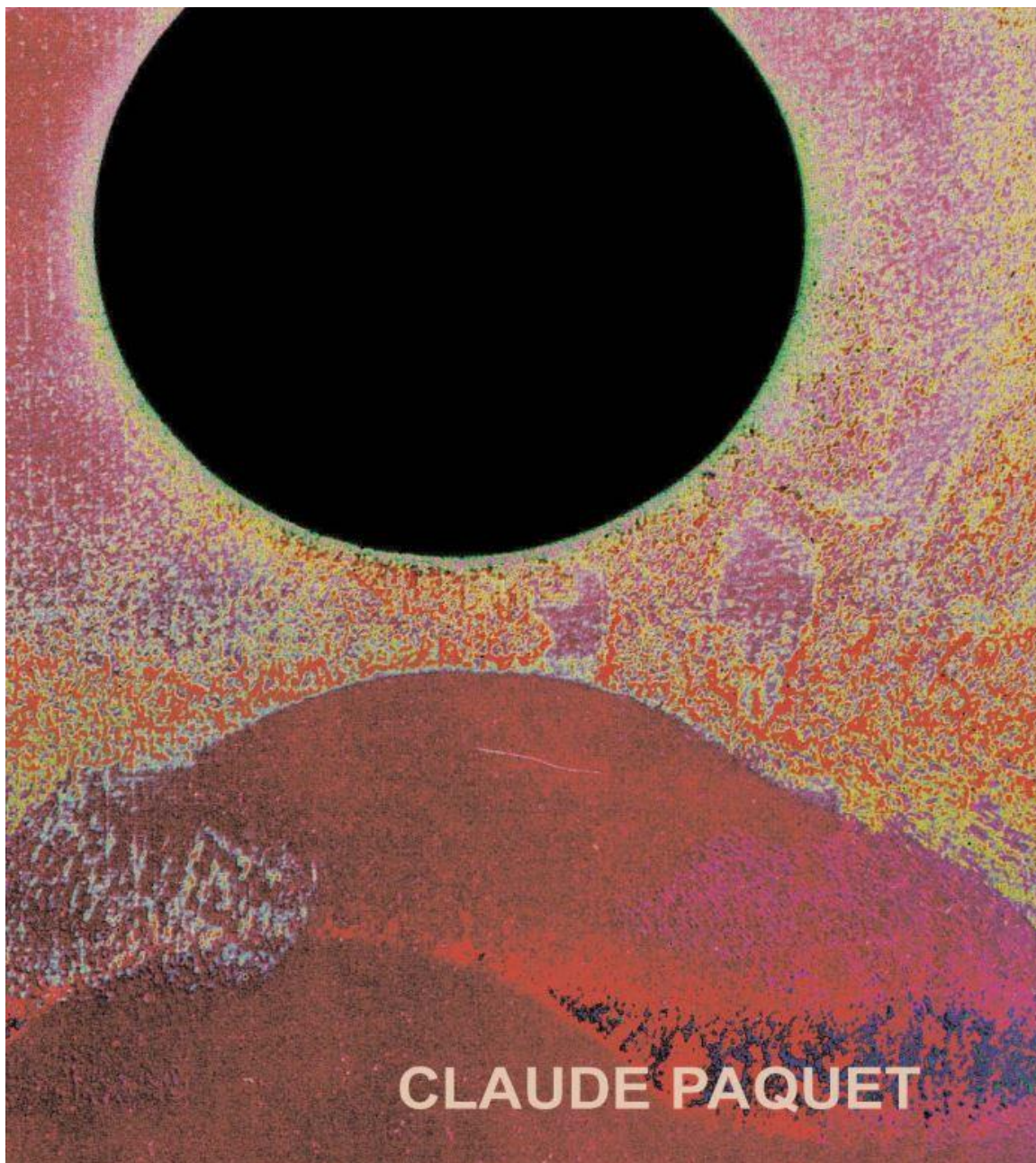


BLACK MOON



CLAUDE PAQUET

MONTREAL - Canada

- Listen Patrick, the best I can do is ask the judge to compensate your sentence time with community service. Remember, it's \$ 3,500 in unpaid tickets that you have to pay back. So choose!

So Patrick, a long-term unemployed man, found himself a handyman at the Canadian Red Cross headquarters in Montreal. No sooner had he finished his third day of volunteer work than this born seducer found himself seated in a sidewalk cafe on rue St - Denis, with Miss Bélanger, private secretary to his uncle Roger Bélanger, director general of the Canadian CR. No one suspected then that this meeting would dramatically disrupt all the administrative structures of the international RC, including the head office in Geneva.

That Mlle Bélanger fell in love affectionately with Patrick is in the nature of things in life. Makes it clear that Patrick put a lot of enthusiasm into it. Everything has passed there : his childhood in working-class neighborhoods, his father and mother working like mad for the daily crust, his university studies which made him one of the thousands of unemployed graduates who roamed the city in search of a livelihood. he, on whom his mother had founded such great hopes, was no more than a simple quidam forced into community work. What a waste he said, tenderly taking the secretary's hand.

After three months of this shock treatment, Miss Bélanger could not refuse this little service that Patrick demanded to "get out of the hole" as he put it so well.

During these last three Patrick had not been idle, far from it. Thanks to the good advice of Miss Bélanger, he knew the whole organization chart of the organization, all the gossip circulating on each one and especially the internal difficulties of which the impossibility for CR international to find volunteers for the transport of foodstuffs of first necessities. to some villages in famine-ravaged Eritrea. All the convoys were systematically looted by guerrillas or government militias. For a year now, no convoy had reached the destination, the result, no one from the humanitarian organization wanted to stick his nose in a trap at the risk of his life. Patrick would be this rare gem. Finally the opportunity to swarm the carcass, he repeated to himself.

CALCUTTA - INDIA

"To have known I would not have come" he mumbled to himself, remembering this film which once delighted his childhood, To have known that six years of medicine would have led him to this Indian hell to play the detectives rather than the disciples of Hippocrates. French doctor cooperating with the Red Cross, Gérard did not know where to turn. In office for a year and already, not only could he now detect types of diseases that did not exist in Western medicine textbooks, but he also knew the causes. With a hot temper, this doctor, however calm and appreciated by all, metamorphosed, at night, into a cruel detective in search of the clandestine distilleries of "bangla", one of the most infamous mixtures ever concocted by the man. He knew that this still came from a village on the edge of the Calcutta garbage dump. There, all year round, waste of all kinds, animal viscera mixed with cane juice, fermented in large jars. The news pages of local

newspapers kept reporting the ravages of this alcohol-poison which, year after year, claimed as many victims in India as malaria. His nocturnal investigations led him to discover an even more unacceptable racket for a doctor : the racketeering of human blood. The process is always the same.

The process is always the same, he explained to me. The touts search for poor, deprived lands and bring them back to clinics deprived of human blood. There, they are given 45 rupees per blood donation. Of these 45 rupees, 5 go to the tout, 15 to the nurse, so the poor fellow finds himself in the street with his 25 rupees, a fortune. Except that the merry-go-round continues as soon as he leaves the clinic. Since it is impossible to donate another blood before the three required to allow his system to restore an acceptable level of hemoglobin in the blood, the reel comes in again and offers the victim for 5 rupees a box of lozenges. of iron salts - You take a lozenge three times a day and come back here in seven days included! To cheer himself up after this pumping of blood, he plunges without the sordid alleys of the ghetto and stops at the first underground bistro to buy his bottle of Bangla at seven rupees each. At this rate, the poor have only a few months to live and it is by the hundreds that they are cremated here.

Tearing his hair out, Gérard thought to himself, thinking of this racketeering. So the inevitable happened. Having disguised himself as a hippie, he wandered the alleys like a human wreck, begging, hoping to fall prey to one of these touts. - "Thanks to you Shiva, American blood for 60 rupees" said the tout when he saw this wanton hippie. Contact was made. So that all the elements of the scam were put in place, Gérard engaged in one of the most beautiful rampages of a private blood clinic ever recorded by a doctor of the International Red Cross. He made the headlines of Indian newspapers, a few copies of which quickly found their way into the hands of Charles de la Chevrotière, CEO of the Red Cross at the headquarters in Geneva. The report of events as reported by journalists made him falter. For a rampage in order that was quite a problem.

As soon as Gerard's fury broke loose, skimming through months of frustrations, the rumor of a revolt against these blood thugs circulated at the speed of sound. The Indian telephone is as efficient as if not more efficient than the Arabic telephone. In less time than it takes to write it, a huge crowd has formed with its dozens of banners representing different political parties and a multitude of pressure groups and of course as usual some scuffles here and there between demonstrators. Add to this indescribable mess, the shrill cry of police sirens, ambulances, which try to make their way through this human sea and you will easily understand why the holy anger of the doctor had repercussions as far as the Indian parliament. For a kick in this mafia anthill was quite a problem. The Indian government decided not to crack down, but the Red Cross doctor now "persona non grata" had to leave Indian territory immediately and repatriate to Geneva.

MONTREAL - CANADA

During this time, Miss Bélanger rendered this long-awaited little service to Patrick. Taking advantage of the signing of the monthly reports by the director, she slipped in a letter of recommendation and by a clever carbon game officially signed it. This is how Patrick was warmly recommended, at the highest level, to M. de la

Chevrotière himself. Miss Bélanger, it should be mentioned, is an overflowing altruism. She even spent the money needed to buy the plane ticket. At the antipodes, one from the other, two individuals converge on the same place : the office of M. de la Chevrotière in Geneva.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Taking advantage of a night flight, Patrick arrives at 10 am sharp in the morning in front of the secretary of CEO of the international CR.

- I must hand this envelope personally to Monsieur de la Chevrotière, he said solemnly. It is from Mr. Bélanger, director of the Canadian RC, insists Patrick.

- Yes I see, she answers. But Mr. de la Chevrotière is at a press conference concerning an unfortunate accident which happened in India. I don't believe he can receive you now. No sooner had she finished her sentence than there was M. de la Chevrotière storming in, fleeing the tide of journalists assailing him with indiscreet questions.

Damn race of people swears the CEO who rushes into his office, slamming the door visibly in a bad mood. After a few minutes of respite, the secretary, on the tip of her feet, announces the presence of a messenger from the Canadian RC who must personally give you a letter from Mr. Bélanger from Montreal.

- It's better to be good news! Let him in.

- Well, how is dear Bélanger he asks when he sees Patrick. In great shape responds the latter.

- Ah, the legendary calm of Montreal dreamily resumes the CEO. I would gladly change places with him he continues. Okay, let me see this fold, please.

Miss Bélanger, a true specialist, had taken care to stuff the letter with a few unimportant administrative memos but nevertheless demonstrating the good health of the Montreal organization, which pleased and calmed a little this man upset by the latest events.

- That's excellent news Mr How already? Blais, Patrick Blais, is that right?

- Correct politely confirms Patrick.

- Okay now, explain to me what it means : "I warmly recommend him to you for this mission which I believe is essential. "

- For having discussed it at length with him brazenly lies Patrick, I believe that Mr. Bélanger is discouraged by the impossibility of the CR to rescue the starving populations of northern Ethiopia, so well, out of respect for this man with a big heart , I volunteered to try to lead a final convoy Sir. We must give them one last chance for success says Patrick with the pilgrim's faith.

The good humor of the CEO suddenly disappeared. - But you are crazy my friend he said... It's civil war over there what am I saying hell. All our humanitarian convoys are used as fire cards. Not a ... you hear ... not a convoy has been to its destination in a year. All looted either by the military or the guerrillas and the goods sold on the black market... hell believe me.

The CEO does not have time to finish his sentence that suddenly arrives the secretary. Sir! Sir! The doctor from Calcutta has just arrived! In person resumed Gerard entering without embarrassment in the office.

"You," the CEO stood up in the midst of a seizure, thereby squeezing Patrick into a corner of the room. You the executioner of Calcutta!

- I would like to see you there in this furnace my dear Charles. They don't have air conditioning over there like in your office, my dear boss, Gérard frothed

Irritated, red as a rooster, suddenly remembering my presence, the CEO forged his vengeance. "In Ethiopia," de la Chevrotière said mischievously. Go! Ouste! Both of you outside. Next departure in a week for Addis Ababa, destination Eritrea raged the CEO.

= I don't know what you did to him but you have just done me a huge favor, said Patrick to Gérard leaving the office.

Yeah! Quite a service indeed, the old rascal has just thrown us into the lion's den, we are in trouble until the blow and you call that a service! Besides, where do you come from with such an accent?

- Montreal Canada proudly repeats Patrick.

- Well come on the Canadian I invite you to take a shot, there's nothing like a shotgun to get to know! After a few well packed pots of beer, the conversation between the two friends was going well. The monsoon said Gérard, it's incredible, mind-blowing. Imagine a wall of particles suspended in the air advancing at the speed of light, a lightning speed devastating everything in its path; then suddenly, a bombardment of hailstones begins followed by torrential downpours. When the rain stops, a cloud of hot steam rises from the city. The thermometer has just risen fifteen degrees suddenly often exceeding 40 degrees celsius.

- What an incredible spectacle exclaims Patrick naively!

- Unheard of you say! Well ! Listen carefully now, the doctor is speaking: The heat is so intense that even rats die from it, carried away by the streaming water. Real rivers surging so full of filth of all kinds that the sewers are instantly blocked. From this putrid tide hatch thousands of unimaginable mosquito eggs carrying with them the cursed cycles of epidemics. Malaria, cholera, typhoid but the worst of all because the most widespread : Gastroenteritis which wipes out a man in less than 24 hours without counting the wave of boils, paronychia and mycosis which falls on the population. A true paradise ironically

says Gérard. So Ethiopia, I don't care. It can't be worse than Calcutta, impossible! No there it is against the madness of men that we will have to fight, it is perhaps worse in the end... I do not know! Okay now to the stake! Where do you nursery from the Canadian?

- I just arrived this morning answers Patrick. So follow me, I know hotels like the back of my hand.

The next morning, M. de la Chevrotière spent a difficult night. That he sends this mad doctor to the Ethiopian hell is still going on, but this young Quebecer who is so sympathetic... he is assailed by doubt and remorse.

But does he really have a choice? Thousands of starving men, women and children who suffer in addition to the most humiliating bodily abuse by torturers... cattle because if we are not born a man but we become one, then they have failed in their development.

Let's try it one last time, he convinced himself before calling the humanitarian distribution center and preparing a new shipment for Ethiopia on the same terms as the last. Come what may he thinks, the die is cast. In a week, two tons of food and two tons of survival equipment will board an Air France Cargo flight.

- Hey Canadian, wake up the holidays have just started; a week of taking it easy, says Gérard following the secretary's phone. A week's vacation in Geneva is the dream of exclaiming Gérard... it's the greatest concentration of nurses per square meter... paradise, I assure you, he said, taking out his address book... I We are preparing a whole evening, believe me.

- Hello Marie, it's Gérard, do you remember? ... Yes Yes ! The doctor of the CR As you hear, I am still alive, the Indian cockroaches did not want me. Say, I'm on vacation here for a week, we could meet tonight if you don't mind... No problem he repeats, winking at Patrick... 5pm at the Ritz bar for the aperitif does it suit you? So perfect tonight .. Ah yes, I forgot, take a girlfriend with you, I'm with a handsome Canadian cute like all... How can that keep me answers an offended Gérard... there is no question that this Canadian steals my conquests; so 5 pm at the Ritz with your girlfriend, big kisses hi!

- Wow shouts a disheveled Patrick jumping out of bed... it's a good job all that, a job that starts with vacations and a part of legs in the air... It's the foot!

The evening stretches happily and it is more and more obvious that Marie wants this so cute Canadian for her. Far from shying away from this rebuff, Gérard is, on the contrary, all perked up by the beauty and exotic grace of Hoshima, a Japanese nurse on internship in Geneva.

- My job, says Marie, is to list all the endemic diseases circulating in the world. I am a kind of nurse-librarian if I may say so, except that instead of identifying and numbering books, I take care of classifying small vials containing the viruses in question ... a sort of viral library frequented by international CR researchers.

- Interesting dream Patrick who shows an extraordinary interest in often fatal viruses. - You make me visit your lab before my departure... - Of course to answer Marie any surprise of such a request because never before had one been interested in his work with so much kindness. Patrick scored points. - Let's go dance now she said, dragging Patrick onto the dance floor and joining Gérard and Hoshima.

This is how Marie, Patrick, Gérard and Hoshima spent the last days before the great trip. This idyllic week was in fact only interrupted once by the meeting on the political situation in Eritrea; meeting of the most boring according to Gérard but as is the custom let's go, he said.

So here is the situation of the political crisis in Ethiopia, especially in Eritrea your destination thus began the instructor. The targeted region, he continues, is that of Asmara in the North-West which is inhabited by the Houla tribe who systematically refuse the program of deportation of the populations of the Ethiopian government controlled by the Poupa tribe. The Houlas also oppose the Circa tribe who are trying to overthrow the ruling Poupas. Thus the Poupas and the Circas make life difficult for the Houlas by cutting off all contact with the outside world. Left to their own devices and with the drought that has raged for two years, the Houlas are literally starving, so you will have to force the blockade.

- The international RC to ask Patrick always works in collaboration with the government of the country concerned so how to obtain the permission of Addis Ababa if the aim pursued by this government is to isolate the region as a punitive measure against the Houlas, there is it not contradiction?

- Excellent question my friend continued the instructor... You see, it is very important for the Ethiopian government to have international credibility so to save face, the government gives us the authorization while knowing full well that, either the Poupa militia or the circa guerrilla will plunder the convoy before its arrival.

- Ah bastards exclaim Patrick, cry from the heart that startled Gerard in a state of near-drowsiness. We absolutely have to succeed, do you hear me Gérard! It's essential, no matter what, we're going to make these bastards drool! Faced with such a rallying cry, Gérard could not suppress a "yes-yes" although weak compared to Patrick's exuberance. Because Gérard was unaware of the Machiavellian project which germinated in the head of his traveling companion. This is the only way to do it, Patrick thought.

- Listen Gérard, you'll excuse me but I have to make a little surprise visit to Marie's lab. See you later at the ac hotel!

Arriving at the lab, Patrick indeed surprises Marie. - Wow the handsome Canadian in person she exclaims! - So you make me visit this lab? - Oh my, I'm overwhelmed with work... you see all these samples in these vials, they're the ones Gérard brought back from India. I must identify them and classify them before tonight.

- These things really come from Gérard, resumed Patrick curious, advancing towards the containers.

- Yes to say Marie all the Indian crap of Gerard, probably a bit of everything, cholera, malaria, dysentery ... look at these little yellow vials, surely typhus or gastritis to say Marie wanting to demonstrate her experience. Interesting to answer Patrick while grabbing a vial in passing.

- Well I'll let you work to better see you again tonight at the hotel, our last night together before the big departure, he said to her, kissing her.

On leaving, Patrick immediately heads to the back of the building. With a quick glance through the garbage bins he found what he was looking for : two beautiful, sturdy boxes stamped with the CR seal. After having folded them carefully so as to form a large flat square, he goes to his favorite bistro.

- So you understood correctly, he said to the owner of the bistro, handing him the boxes. You put the boxes inside and I'll pick them up tomorrow.

- No problem Mr. Patrick, it will be 300 euros.

- I'll settle that tomorrow said Patrick leaving him.

- The next day at the hotel door, the taxi is waiting.

- At the airport, cargo section said Gérard to the driver

- But before the bistro at the station, I have a delivery to take, said Patrick looking at Gérard.

- But what is this story

- Well this story is ten cases of 24 cans of Molson Canadian... I'm bringing my beer... I'm not going to die of dehydration in this goddamn country!

- I'll have seen it all, ten cases of beers... 240 cans. No, but what are you going to Club Med?

- When the sun hits you on the head all day, you'll be the first to thank me

- Yeah we'll see!

The taxi stops at the bistro. Two beautiful boxes with the Red Cross logo containing five cases of beers obediently await their receipt. Patrick hands three handsome travelers' checks for 100 dollars to the boss, loads his loot in the trunk.

- In the boxes of the CR if ever de la Chevrotière learns that we are grimaced Gérard.

- Stop worrying ok, the shot is perfect and I take full responsibility, so calm down!

Without any problem, the boxes were loaded onto the cargo plane, the passengers ready for take off, headed for Ethiopia.

Addis Ababa

After checking passports and visas, Gérard and Patrick are directed to room 104 where a big surprise awaits them.

- What do you mean customs clearance of goods exclaims Gérard in a fury, these are CR drugs shit! Do you begin to understand, speaking to Patrick, what a quagmire we were in... yet another racket, we'll never get out... two tons of goods, it's going to cost a fortune.

Room 104

- Who is in charge of customs clearance? Gerard asks. - Lieutenant Colis answers the officer on duty. - Y not to say, it has the name of the job! I want to see it immediately!

- I am arriving right away my good friends from the International Red Cross, what can I do for you?

- Listen lieutenant, there is surely a misunderstanding, this is a humanitarian convoy!

-But two tons of goods is a lot, I'm sorry.

- You want your big fat bribe, Patrick throws him angrily.

- Patrick! Stop said Gérard, we don't call a Muslim officer fat. Are you crazy !

- Passport please request Parcel. Ah Canadian!

- Yes that's it to answer Patrick, the country of fresh bacon with small yellow potatoes...

- With baby carrots and turnip. Yes Yes ! I know the haute cuisine of Montreal. Ah Montreal nights, my youth!

- Do you know Montreal?

- Certainly, I studied agronomy there for four years.

- Yeah, the customs agronomist thinks Gérard.

- Ah! Montreal and the Molson Canadian! So much memories !

Oh oh ! thinks Gérard.

A deal followed by a negotiation ensued and the goods were cleared in return for 5 beautiful cases of Molson beer.

Thanks to this barter, the belly of the cargo plane opened from which came out five large trucks of food and medical products.

In the meantime, here comes a representative of the World Bank, Charles Haumont introduces himself. Happy to see that we give it another go

- Yeah that's it and this time we're going to pass said vindictive Patrick.

- That's the purpose of the visit, gentlemen, he said, holding out a piece of paper, it's a pass. At the start of the bush trail you will find a village on your left. This is where you will also find Sambi, the best guide to the region. I recommend it and don't forget to come see me when you get back. Every Saturday evening, I organize a small reception between Westerners. You are cordially invited. So see you soon I hope and the pleasure of seeing each other again, he said as he walked away to the service limousine.

- Gérard : I don't like his face to this guy!

- Maybe but good point for him, retorts Patrick, this guide we will need, you know!

After two days on the road, the convoy arrives in the village without any problem. Gérard looks at the map, nothing more, no more indication. Nothing but relief, no more road. Let's go find this famous guide Sambi Palit he reads on the memo of Haumont.

Sambi Palit feigned surprise at the sight of strangers, but he had known for a long time what was going to happen. His price was already fixed in advance.

- Look no further, the best guide is me, he said without complex. It will be US \$ 20 per day and 50 kilos of food for my village of course.

My eye! Contraband for sure! thinks Gérard.

Then seeing Patrick gulping down his Molson; plus 1 case of that pointing to Patrick's beer.

- No way said Patrick private collection!

- Very precious, my lieutenant resumed Gérard! My friend is going to be difficult to convince. So here is ! US \$ 10, 30 kilos and a case of beer to negotiate Gérard.

- No question of touching my booty, if you think you are going to liquidate my reserve, already that I had to leave 5 cases at the customs. Easy to negotiate with other people's business!

- Listen Patrick! For one case I collect 20 kilos of food, you forget that there are thousands of people starving there. 20 kilos more is enormous!

- This makes me guilty in addition to rage Patrick by moving away towards the truck.

The deal is thus concluded. The convoy can now set off on the bush track under intense heat, direction Asmara.

Halt said suddenly Patrick, disembarking from the still running truck. Heading to the back of the vehicle, he opens the door, slips his hand into the cooler and comes out with a nice cold beer. Back in the cabin : No way to share looking at Gérard, you your part you left him at the airport and turning to Palit, you, if you want some, you just had to bring yourself some sarcastically said Patrick savoring his revenge.

A night camp is set up at dusk near a water point. As of the prime dawn, Palit wakes everyone up, a frugal lunch is ready and Palit decides to "brief" its clients on the next steps. In an hour, it's the attack, exactly here, pointing to a point on the map. Always the same scenario : at the entrance to the pass, about twenty guerrillas will stop us and will be immediately followed by about fifty soldiers. The guerrillas will therefore have very little time to steal the most goods, the rest including the trucks. will serve as booty to the military.

- I have my plan continues Patrick. We will only send one truck that I will drive and get there, I will negotiate. We'll keep in touch by walkie-talkie. If I fail, we will at least have to save four trucks and we will think about another tactic.

- But that's not going in your little Canadian head said Gérard. You'll get screwed up in less than two!
- But no ! But no ! Palit said, all they want is the merchandise and I'll be there as an interpreter.

Everything went smoothly as Palit predicted. The guerrillas took as many goods as possible and were taken over by the militia.

- Well done Commander, you arrived just in time, said Gérard.
- It's my job. So tell me where to go you like that in the middle of the desert?
- Asmara, commander. It is a humanitarian convoy of the Red Cross.
- Do you have the necessary permissions?
- Yes ! Here they are.
- But that's not enough. You are in the middle of the military zone. It takes a military pass. I'm sorry, I have to confiscate.
- But let's see Commander Patrick is indignant, we can arrange things, we can not by giving him a can of beer.
- I'm afraid not, the orders are formal, glo ... glo ... You have several like that he said, heading towards the back of the truck.
- A full cash commander!
- Better and better he said while distributing a few cans to his men. Congratulations ! Finally a class convoy declares the commander to the laughter of his team. Go! Get me all that! You come Mr. Palit laughing more and throwing him a beer.
- Of course, Commander.
- You bastard! You are going to regret it !
- Not as much as you said Palit, laughing out loud!
- All go to hell hurls Patrick at the departing convoy.

For a hell, that was quite a problem. After half an hour on the road, the military convoy made an illico-presto U-turn. Never was a militia knocked out in such a short time. The little yellow vial that Gerard had brought back from India that Patrick had stolen from Marie's lab, had a spectacular effect, not to say devastating. Patrick, with a syringe, had deliberately contaminated the beer cans.

During a while, Patrick had gone to join Gérard, who remained at the water point.

- So champion Gérard quipped. No more goods, no more trucks, 100 kilos of food lost. Beautiful result! Quite a negotiation! Congratulations !

- Shut up, snarling Patrick, take out your vaccines and get ready to work!

Patrick had never said so well. Already, the guerrilla cohort showed up in a sorry state, closely followed by the militia. The spectacle was medically mind-blowing.

- Shit what's going on here, it feels like Bangla Desh shouts Gérard.
- Never had soldiers and revolutionaries fraternized so much. Distraught Gérard asks Patrick : But what did you give them to make them in such a state?
- Your famous Calcutta gastroenteritis, the worst, isn't it, Patrick says sarcastically?

- For God Sake ! Do you realize what you did? The Red Cross is there to cure, stop epidemics, not provoke them! - - Damn, they can all get through in 24 hrs.

- And you, have you thought about the number of people they let die for two years, these bastards? They get what they deserve. And no question of giving them the slightest shot now; negotiations begin. Understood ! And don't interfere with that, it's my domain, he said, turning to the terribly affected commander.

- So Commander, how good was this cold little beer? Where were we at? Ah yes ! I remember : the military pass. Well ! You are going to sign one for me right away, otherwise I will contaminate the water point just behind me, the only one in the region, isn't it?

- Whatever you want, but I beg you, stop this shit for me said the commander, vomiting again.

- That's what you explained to me Gérard. It empties a man from both ends at a time. Very effective ! Isn't it gentlemen the rebels?

- Come here now, orders Patrick. Near the truck, that's it. Now you will embrace the sign of the Red Cross saying : Red Cross, save my life! Go faster!

The commander complies without reluctance. Now sign me a pass valid for five years, inclusive!

- Yes ! Yes! No problem.

- So it is your turn, the militiamen and the rebels, do the same, if not with an injection! Never has a CR vaccine been so popular. The convoy was thus able to continue. For the first time in tens of months, a humanitarian convoy will be able to reach its destination. As soon as the convoy arrived, Gérard clearly saw the desolation of such a spectacle. It was not ten thousand men as the report stated, but rather thirty or forty starving thousand who were waiting for the convoy. Distressing.

- Take a good look at this barbaric disaster, Gérard! And don't ever come and call me a criminal again!

Faced with such a catastrophe, Gérard cannot answer. What he sees is beyond imagination. Thousands of people have already died. Patrick might have been right after all, he thinks, picking up shortwave radio. After reaching Geneva, he asked for at least two other convoys and a hundred nurses to be sent to deal with the urgency of the situation.

The Geneva dispatcher is skeptical.

- Did you manage to surrender?

- Yes we are. It's hell, dysentery, malaria, famine. The road is free, you can go there. I repeat at least two other convoys and the personnel required urgently.

Now get to work! You Patrick, you dig latrines! You put quicklime in it and believe me it's essential!

Luckily the nurses are coming, Patrick thinks.

Work has been going well for a couple of days. A surprise awaited our friends on the evening of the third day. An increasingly noticeable muffled roar approached the camps.

- Probably a cargo ship that will drop food on us, said Gérard to Patrick.

The freighter, though on a downward track, passed over the camp as if nothing had happened.

- Look, said Patrick, it looks like he landed just behind that mountain. - There is one a week, says a villager! - We'll go take a look tomorrow!

At dawn, Patrick and Gérard left with a guide. For a glance, that was quite a problem. An hour later, an incredible scene unfolded before their eyes. The freighter, belly open, threw hundreds of suspicious barrels immediately placed on caterpillars that would drop them in what appeared to be a huge cave.

- Pass me the binoculars, said Gérard to Patrick! ... Shit, look what is written on these barrels! In addition to a skull determining the dangerousness of the product, we see the names of countries, all European. Just below it is written "heavy water", it is highly radioactive contaminated water from European nuclear reactors.

A totally illegal radioactive waste landfill, says Patrick. Do you understand now why the government did not want help to arrive in the village? Do you think what I think - What? - It's Haumont who is behind all that! The guide's betrayal, the military complicity, everything fits together! - Well this bastard does not lose anything to wait, take pictures!

This is how Gérard's second holy anger took place. Rushing to Addis Ababa, he arrived just in time for the Saturday night hopping party. Never has jumpery been so aptly named. In fury, Gérard spread all the waste he could find on the path mixed with the excrement of the latrines which he spread on the beautiful sideboard of Haumont. Grabbing Haumont by the collar - Hey now, go see your beautiful pool!

Haumont's face turned green when he saw a beautiful barrel of radioactive water lying at the bottom of his swimming pool. Fortunately for him, the matter was not publicized, no journalist being present at the reception. As if by magic, the barrel disappeared illico-presto and of course Haumont took pleasure in denouncing the attitude of this doctor the CR who completely drunk caused a scandal in front of the elite of the world financing bank. At least that is what he told M. de la Chevrotière, who was already apologizing for it. You can be sure that I will crack down, he told Haumont.

De la Chevrotière turning energetically towards his secretary : Mademoiselle, we receive hundreds of requests for help per week. There you are going to find me the one who comes from the most remote corner of Africa, in short order!

After a few minutes, she comes back. I believe I have what you need : Luderitz in Namibia, a request for a doctor and project manager.

- Namibia! It's perfect. Tell our radio operator to join our two zigos in Ethiopia : New assignment and that I will never see them again!

I'm telling you Patrick, that's the message I just received. We are transferred to Namibia and our replacements will arrive next Monday.

- Where is Namibia?
- Completely the opposite of Ethiopia, on the Atlantic coast, north of South Africa. You wanted to see the country, you are served!
- But it's great, I take it as a promotion.
- Except that once again we find ourselves in the middle of a civil war. It's a set-up from Haumont, I'm sure. This guy wants our skin!
- So, we will show him what woods, we warm ourselves and never forget that we have become the fearless and blameless knights of the International Red Cross.
- Without reproach you say! You will iron, you and your little flask!
- Come on! Go! Forget it! Here, I even offer you a good still cold beer, perfect this one!

On the plane that takes them to their new assignment, Patrick takes the opportunity to tell Gérard that all in all, he is happy to be leaving. See, Asmara was not a good place for kissing, you saw how skinny they were, it's been a good month since we last fired a shot.

- Name of God Patrick stops taking the Red Cross for a MED club.
- But compared to Asmara, Luderitz is exactly that. Look at the map, a beautiful village near the ocean surrounded by a huge desert of sand, it's guaranteed to walk.

NAMIBIA

Not quite because Luderitz is indeed a pretty village but torn by 15 years of tribal warfare. Even though there was no lack of work, the atmosphere was more relaxed. But above all, there was the beautiful Amélia, director of the sugar cane agricultural coop. An irresistible, sensual, charming and horny beauty according to Patrick. A Bantu princess in addition, destined to reign one day over nearly 1 million subjects.

- Gerard! I “screw up” that I tell you I can't anymore. Tell me, do you believe this story of a Bantu princess who, according to custom, must remain a virgin to become queen. A real Diana the huntress running barefoot in the fine sand of the beach and who must remain a virgin for another five, ten maybe even fifteen years until the death of her father to succeed her on the throne. Damn this is an unnatural crime.

- Yeah it's against your nature maybe... But you forget the rest of the story. If at the time of her enthronement as queen, one realizes that she has lost her virginity, one kills her and burns her without any other form of trial. Think about the consequences the macho of the frozen lands!

If you only knew I only think about that!

For two weeks Patrick actually thought only of that. Such was not Gerard's fear to hear on a moonless night, Amelia's orgasmic cry tearing through the night like the sax cry of the cat in heat. Shit ! They're going to lynch them, he thinks.

Already a crowd had formed in front of Amélia's hut when Gérard arrived. All were unanimous. Gerard was to come in to see what was going on there; but rather it was Patrick and Amelia who left the hut all smiles.

- We did "pink pink" like the Eskimos of Canada sang the beautiful Bantu princess. Gerard was speechless.

Two threatening matrons immediately demanded a gynecological examination by the doctor Gérard and in their presence. As soon as it is said immediately done, the procession heads towards the clinic where Gérard proceeds to the examination supervised by the two matrons. Eh yes ! To everyone's astonishment, especially Gérard, Amélia is still a virgin, the princely marriage well in its place. The two gossips immediately go out to announce the good news to the villagers awaiting the verdict.

Gérard takes the opportunity to be alone, from doctor to patient, to ask Amélia : What does "pink pink" mean.

- It's a secret but I can tell it to you, my doctor and my lover's friend. Gerard obviously did not seem to appreciate the last remark. And Amélia continues : "pink pink" for the Eskimos takes place at night without a moon, a black moon... So to do "black moon" is

Gérard has heard enough. He rushes to Patrick's hut. Gérard's third holy wrath is in the process of being realized.

- You're just a bastard, a vicious vociferous Gérard. So we do "black moon" we do "pink pink" like the Eskimos of the Arctic. It is the great mixture of cultures, the Eskimos of the pack ice in the African desert of Namibia. It's globalization ahead of its time ! Do you realize that you just sodomized a Bantu princess?

- Shit ! If ever de la Chevrotière finds out, we're good for Antarctica.

- Calm down Gérard! Calm yourself ! First "pink pink" in Inuktitut means "to make love".

- Okay, but from there to tell that "black moon" is an Inuit legend which tells that young virgins can do "pink pink" on moonless nights so as not to lose their virginity by doing themselves, let's say the word : ass fuck . But it is insane. I would like to hear from the anthropologist who wrote this.

- I know it to say Patrick under the sign of the confidence because I was already married to an Eskimo. So the main goal of the practice is of course a natural form of contraception. So much so that we do "pink pink" at all ages.

- She must not have been bored, that one quips Gerard. - As Amélia answers him tit for tat.

The affair died down as they say but left an indelible mark on the customs of this peaceful village. Inuit eroticism was taking root. Not a day went by without a girl approaching Gérard, throwing him provocative "pink pink".

During this time Patrick and his new friend Touré were busy discovering the immensity of the territory surrounding the village. - Come, said Touré, let's go to the abandoned radar station!

Abandoned for two years by the United Nations peacekeepers, this radar was a real treasure mine. Although ransacked, everything was relatively functional. Gas stoves were still working, laboratory instruments, kitchen accessories, a huge presto, kilometers of copper tubes scattered here and there, a generator pumping drinking water in perfect working order.

- Damn everything you need to make a still, said Patrick, passing through the tons of sugar cane that couldn't find a taker rotting in the fields.

- Interesting all this Touré! Now tell me about the plants in the area. - Here, he replied, there are only cacti and sugar cane.

- Yes, cactus, why not! Like Mexican tequila, a blend of cactus and sugarcane, an agricultural alcohol with a local flavor. If it works, it is fortune for the whole village. No need to try to sell cane on the sugar market controlled by multinationals. Self-sufficiency and profits for us Touré! But before the preliminary tests and you Touré, radio silence included! This is our scheme.

After two days of tinkering, everything was set up and ready to go. Touré brought ten kilos of cane and cactus which he threw in a huge vat, added water and left everything to macerate. Three weeks later, the first well fermented "Luderitz Special" cuvée is ready. The strategy : distill during the three nights of the black moon where the entire village will indulge in the pleasure of the alcove of the great Canadian North in the middle of the Namibian desert.

The first dark moon night arrived and oddly Patrick seemed to have deserted the village. Even more curious, Amélia who comes knocking on her door. Gerard, a little embarrassed in front of her, was looking at the starry sky.

-It's dark moon tonight, I think!

- Yes answered Amelia! It is full of Eskimos looking at the sky like us at the moment. But Patrick left with Touré I don't know where. Come on, she said, taking his hand, black moon it's only three days a month, it would be stupid to give up the opportunity.

Meanwhile on the radar, the distillation was going smoothly.

- Remember Touré, anything that flows before 183 degrees Fahrenheit must be rejected said Patrick looking at the thermometer placed on the presto. Before 183 degrees, it's methyl alcohol, it's very dangerous, he said, following the progress of the thermometer 180, 181, 182, 183. Here ! Throw it all to me while replace the container. Now all that is flowing is ethyl alcohol, that's good... Hmm and even very good in the middle of tasting the elixir while dragging Touré into a crazy farandole.

The next day, it was quite an entry into the village, Patrick and Touré completely drunk and joyful singing : “My country is not a country, it's winter” by Quebec poet Gilles Vigneault. But they are completely frosted, thought Gerard.

- Hey Gerard take a good swig said Patrick, handing the bottle.

- A still! They made a still he said incredulously, reviewing his fight, what am I saying his crusade, against the Indian Bangla. Not another "twist". You might as well be clear about it. Grabbing the bottle, he goes to the clinic lab while Amélia helps Patrick get the hang of it.

After analysis, this alcohol proved, to the doctor's surprise, of exceptional quality; made according to the rules of the art would later say Patrick explaining to him his agricultural distillery project. - Why not ? Look at those tons of sugar cane rotting in the fields, said Patrick, trying to convince his friend. In addition, the agricultural coop is in technical bankruptcy, the economic situation of the villagers is catastrophic. I repeat : you must apply for a license to operate a small artisanal distillery for the village.

- Have you thought about the financing? It's going to cost a fortune, at least two hundred thousand dollars!

- I'll take care of it, trust me! If I find the financing, you get on board okay - Ok answers Gérard.

Never has funding been granted so quickly by the World Bank. When Haumont received the photos of a large freighter unloading its suspicious cargo, his blood swirled around. - It is the financing of the project or I send it to "Liberation" of Paris and to "the Press" of Montreal of course. Quite a scoop you will agree.

And it is indeed a loan of US \$ 500,000 that confirmed the telegram received by Patrick on behalf of the agricultural coop. Gerard, telegram in hand, couldn't believe his eyes. But when Patrick explained the scam to him, he burst out again.

- But what kind of guy are you? You start by infecting over a hundred people with gastro, you tell Eskimo legends to a Bantu princess, you make a still and you end up ripping off the US \$ ½ million World Bank! Where are you from?

- Montreal, Canada, a young Quebecois of good family and independence moreover.

- Yeah what a family!

A month later, the material needed to build the distillery is already arriving. All the “kit” was purchased using the “turnkey” process. Everything is built in France in modules and then assembled on site by engineers from the chosen company. Efficient and inexpensive... well just 200,000 us dollars. A real godsend ironizes Patrick, taunting Gérard.

The sight of the beautiful vats and high-end stainless steel piping dazzles all the villagers. Tonight is official opening night. The “Luderitz Special Radar” henceforth called LSR sank afloat.

The next day, Gérard is somewhat skittish. The telegram he just received reads something like this : “There is no question that the International Red Cross is directly or indirectly associated with this agricultural distillery project. So you are both fired. Farewell ! »Signed de la Chevrotière.

Patrick has just read the memo and turning to Gérard : - Go don't look like a funeral! It's not the end of the world, we are here! No ?

- Eight years that I endured the most unimaginable shit. Not even a word of thanks, you realize, Gérard is very distressed.

- Do you realize, Gérard, that before our arrival, it was total depression. Now watch them laugh like children. Our place is here now. We will show them what international cooperation works well for all these bureaucrats. I promise you.

After having raised the morale of Gérard, who was still depressed, Patrick approached an engineer : “As soon as you arrive in France, you post this package to me in priority post to save time because here the post office is still on the back of a camel, you see ! ”

A week later, Miss Bélanger of the Canadian Red Cross in Montreal was surprised to receive this package from Africa containing a bottle of “Luderitz Special Radar”. Finally some news from Patrick she said noticing the signature of the memo.

Even more surprised was the marketing director of Seagram inc. the world's largest multinational spirits company. What is a representative of the Red Cross doing here, he wonders? Well, he said to his secretary, coming to his senses, let us in, we'll see what happens next.

First solemnly said to Miss Bélanger, I would like to point out that my presence here is a personal initiative which has nothing to do with the post I hold at the Red Cross.

- The opposite would have surprised me, said the director with compassion.

- There you go, resumed Miss Bélanger, catching her breath, it's a product, handing her the bottle, made there by pointing to a point on the world map on the wall behind the director. “A new product, a new taste, the true Bantu taste of Africa”, citing Patrick's guidelines in his letter. So if you are interested, here is the address and contact details of the distillery.

- Interesting! From Africa you say! What if we tasted it? Says the manager as he uncorks the bottle. After a good drink, the director delivers his verdict : “Not bad at all! Perhaps a little too strong and spicy for the Western taste but for Africa and Asia, it's perfect,

rejoices Mr. Seagram, thinking of the immense success of this product with these four billion new potential consumers. . Tell your friend that if the hygiene tests are conclusive, I am in favor.

The next day, the manager, after receiving the positive product safety result, immediately contacted his representative in Dakar, Senegal. You sign me a production contract for 100,000 liters per month at two euros per liter and do it quickly, you absolutely have to have exclusivity. Ah yes I forgot! Sign for one year, the time to see if the marketing is profitable.

For the Seagram representative visiting the facilities, everything seemed to be in order : Good hygiene, good administrative structure, very high quality industrial facilities; everything met the standards. The contract was quickly signed. With this kind of installations pushing a little up to 500,000 liters per month, he wrote to his boss in Montreal.

On the other hand, bad news awaited our two comrades. As soon as the contract was signed, the elected representatives of the village met : "No question of foreigners managing our industry", such was voted the resolution adopted unanimously.

Turned in tears in front of Patrick : "I swear to you, they forced me otherwise I am banished. They want me to go to the radar to redo the alcohol to see if I have learned the recipe well and thus take your place ”.

- Stop crying Touré, go to the radar and do as I showed you and come back with two beautiful bottles.

Gérard attending the scene looks at Patrick; “They're right you know, it's up to them now to take charge.

- That's it, you do all the work, then outside, it's like they stole my copyright.... Said Gerard, there are two or three drops left in there when you take out the vial of Calcutta. We can put some in the bottles that Touré will bring back.

Gérard, furious at the sight of the yellowish liquid : “If you do that, I'll drag you to court. Give it to me immediately Patrick! I told you right away, snatching the vial from her hands and throwing it into the stove fire.

- Correct! Correct! What are we doing now, neither of us employed? We're off ?

Amelia, attending the discussion, rushes towards them : "If you go, I'll go with you!" "

- And if we stayed a little longer, asks Gérard? Listen Patrick, the situation is not so dire. Go find the chosen ones. They will need you as the marketing manager to negotiate abroad. Offer them your services, they cannot refuse, especially if you tell them that the

contract that has just been signed with Seagram is only valid for one year and that they will have to count on you to renegotiate the new contract.

- And you Gerard?

- Well, the ex-doctor of the International Red Cross opens a private office. Thanks to your project, they will have enough to pay me now!

- Amelia all smiling while hugging them both : And we can continue to make "black moon"!